

## HOW TO DIE IN PERSIA.

Charm as a Last Resort—Reading from the Koran—Hired Mourner.

(St. James' Gazette.)

The sick man lies in extremis on a thin mattress upon the floor, covered by a quilted silken coverlet. Twenty or thirty persons are in the room where he is dying. The smoke of many hubble-bubbles clouds the air; waspersed conversation is general. The doctors have declared their patient's condition hopeless, and, as a last resort, certain charms suggested by a weird-looking dervish have been tried. But the crab broth, prepared from the tiny crustaceans that inhabit the streamlets round Shiraz, the patient has been unable to swallow; and the dervish points out to the relatives of the dying man that his panacea has only proved infallible because it was tried too late. A veiled woman, the wife of the dying man, sits weeping at the side of her husband's pillow. She frequently holds to his face a moistened piece of mud torn from the wall (this wetted mud is supposed to have a very reviving influence, and is used by Persians as we use smelling salts).

Tea is handed round in small cups; the crowd in the room becomes greater; every window is shut, and, as the outside temperature is 90 degrees, some idea of the heat within can be formed. The crowd is not here from mere curiosity. A man is sick; then where should his friends be, they say, if not by his bedside? The samovars (Russian tea urns) steam and bubble; the room is filled with clouds of tobacco smoke and the steam from the urns, and now, just as 200 years ago was done in England, a fowl is killed and placed warm and bleeding on the patient's feet. All is of no avail, however. The man has breathed his last.

The wife yields her place by the bedside. Moistened cotton-wool is placed in the mouth of the dead, in the orifices of the nostrils, and in the ears. A moollah begins to read aloud the prescribed portion of the Koran, commencing "O man, I swear by the instructive Koran that thou art one of the messengers of God sent to show the right way," etc. This portion of the Mussulman's sacred book was called by Mohammed himself "the heart of the Koran." And now all present witness aloud that the dead man was a good pious Mohammedan. The limbs are composed and a cup of water is placed at the head of the corpse. No sooner is this done than a moollah ascends to the flat roof of the house and begins to read in a shrill monotone certain verses from the holy book. This announces to the neighbors that the man is veritably dead; and at the same moment his relations shriek and wail, "Wo, wo! he is dead; he has passed away." These are the expressions of real grief. But presently the professional mourners arrive and rend the air with their shrill screaming, which is like the "keening" of the Irish.

The house is soon filled with friends and neighbors, who add their cries to the screams of the mourners. The women of the family hasten to array themselves in "bitter" (i. e. somber) garments—not in actual black, but in sad colors; neither they nor the men wash or dress their hair until the funeral and the first days of mourning are over. The male relatives do not literally rend their garments, but give them the right appearance by opening certain seams of their coats and cloaks with a penknife; and instead of casting dust upon their heads they dab mud on their hats.

And now come the "washers of the dead." To each parish are attached a family of these people, who get a despised livelihood by performing the last offices for the dead. The corpse having been washed at an adjoining stream, the hands are placed across the chest, and it is wrapped in the shroud of cotton cloth that the deceased has probably had by him as a sort of memento mori for years. Camphor (real vegetable camphor) is placed beneath the shroud, and the body is laid in a rough coffin made of thin planks and brought back to the house. The coffin in Persia is of a thin and unsubstantial kind, and the burial always takes place within twenty-four hours of decease.

Drunks in Turkey.

(St. James' Gazette.)

According to Pouqueville, "a Turk who falls down in the street overtaken with wine, and is arrested by the guard, is sentenced to the bastinado. This punishment is repeated as far as the third offense, after which he is reputed incorrigible, and receives the title of 'imprudent drunkard' or 'privileged drunkard.' If after that he is taken up and in danger of the bastinado, he has only to name himself, to mention what part of the town he inhabits, and to say he is a privileged drunkard; he is then released and sent to sleep on the warm ashes of the baths." Pouqueville had been in Constantinople at the commencement of the present century, since which time a good many changes have been introduced into the city of the sultans; but an improved way with inebriates is scarcely one of them.

London Gin.

(The Cure.)

The temperance men are doing some good as chemists. They have learned the actual ingredients of London gin to be "alcohol, water, uric acid, tartaric acid, acetic acid, ether, sugar, oil of juniper with a trace of oil of turpentine." It does kill millions. It would slay all who drink it were it not that the tartaric acid destroys the bad effect of the uric acid, the acetic acid in turn overcomes the fatality of the tartaric element, the ether and sugar then arrest the tartaric acid in its work of dissolution, these then are overcome by the oil of juniper and at last the man is left to die of the oil of turpentine. Good spring water is a much better drink than gin.

Solar Engines for the Soudan.

(Exchange.)

Not long ago Capt. Ericsson boiled water by the sun's rays, using heat accumulators, invented by him, and the London Telegraph points out that if the sun of New York can be made to do this, the sun of Soudan can be utilized in driving the locomotives on the Berber railway, now building.

Josh Billings. Every man has his follies, and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.

Peep's Kindness and Young Savant.

(Christian Union.)

Trudging along the road near a Pennsylvania village, his pockets filled with snakes, toads, and bugs, the 19 or 20 years old Aughey, whose imaginative love for these creatures found its earliest expression in collecting them up in this way—was suddenly stopped by a young man. He had a pale face, dark hair, a high forehead, and deep-set, piercing eyes. He had a serious, unhappy air, but his voice was kindly as he bid the young naturalist come to him.

"Now," said he, "do you know what this is?" taking one of the harmless little snakes.

The boy only knew its common, local name: whereupon the young man told him its correct scientific name, after making his delighted pupil (now territorial geologist of Wisconsin) repeat the ponderous words to be sure he understood them correctly. Then he went on with each reptile and each bug he had in his possession, until the child had mastered his fascinating object lesson, the many-jointed names of each specimen being firmly fixed in his mind by some little history of the habits of each, showing how closely they had one and all been studied by his teacher.

After that first meeting many others followed, in which the patient, loving labors of the teacher were amply rewarded by the glowing enthusiasm of the pupil. Finally, the boy was told that whenever he was puzzled in his researches to write a letter, asking what he desired to know, to be deposited in the village postoffice. He availed himself of the offer, and, in addition to the definite and precise information sought, the teacher would criticize, with delicate tact, the composition of the letter itself.

The Royal Purple of Tyre.

(Lower California Letter.)

But to us the most curious of all is the Buccinum purpurea and its relative, the stationary Murex, the same little creatures which furnished the royal purple of imperial Tyre. Betsy and I have been dabbling in the same branch of business, and in the course of our experiments have converted all our available paraphernalia into purple of varying shades. The story goes that a favorite dog of the Tyrian Hercules, while prowling about the seashore, accidentally broke a buccinum shell, which stained his mouth such a gorgeous color that Tyros, Hercules' sweetheart, vowed never to see her lover again until he should bring her a robe of the same hue. Thus constrained, Hercules gathered a great quantity of the shells, and persevered till the nymph was gratified and the art given to the world. A white vein, growing transversely in a little hollow near the head of the fish, holds the precious dye. Each tiny creature yields but one drop, and hence the real Tyrian purple died in value with gold itself.

If one wishes to try the experiment of Hercules, let him proceed in this wise: After sufficient liquid has been extracted, drop by drop, from the throat of the fishes, wet the wool or cotton in it and spread it in the sun. At first it appears pale green, then the color of the sea, and in a few minutes sky blue; then it deepens to purplish red, and in an hour or more turns to gorgeous purple. By washing the linen at once, it changes to a brilliant crimson; but when the color is once set nothing can fade or turn it.

Andrew Jackson's Tenderness.

(Cor. Cleveland Leader.)

"People have little idea of the tenderness of President Jackson's heart," said Gen. Brinkerhoff. "Even on his death-bed, when his body was racked with the pains of fast-approaching dissolution, his kindness of heart was shown in nearly every act, one of his daughter's stories well illustrating this. Mrs. Jackson, Jr., had some rare and tropical plants which she prized very highly and tended with a great deal of care. But a few days before he died, when he knew his end was near, Gen. Jackson called his adopted son Andrew to his bedside and, pointing to the plants which were standing on the front veranda, said: 'Andrew, I can't live but a few days, and when my funeral takes place there will doubtless be a great many people here. Unless you take some way to protect those plants they will be broken off or destroyed or taken away. Now, Sarah is very proud of them, and I think that when that time comes you should have those plants carried to the upper veranda and lock the windows and then they will be safe.'"

"He died a few days afterward. His directions in this respect were not observed, and Mrs. Jackson's plants were destroyed or carried away in pieces or as a whole as mementos of the occasion."

Palm-Tree "Toddy."

(Madras Letter.)

Palms grow in abundance, and the cocoanut is a large source of profit to the cultivator. In southern India they have a peculiar way of extracting juice therefrom for the manufacture of an intoxicating drink called "toddy." A cut is made at the end of the growing fruit, and to the latter a small earthen pot is attached to catch the oozings. Twice a day the liquid is collected by men, who climb the trees in a curious fashion. They have a sort of strap of bamboo about seven or eight feet long, which they fasten over the tree and around their own bodies just above the waist. They also have a smaller strap of the same sort around their feet. They ascend the tree by raising the strap a foot or so up the trunk, and then they pull themselves up by it, and they climb up and down very rapidly and easily.

Balloon Photography.

(Chicago Journal.)

The Triboulet system of photographing all the country as seen from a captive balloon has succeeded well in France. A very small balloon carries up to the necessary height the photographic apparatus, the panoramic object glass of which is provided with a valve which can be opened through an electric current managed by the operator, who remains on the ground. The impressions obtained are useful for military purposes.

Japanese "Bad Word."

Swearing is wholly unknown in Japan. The worst word a Japanese ever applies to a man whom he dislikes is "beast."

## TEMPERANCE.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."—Habbakuk 1, 15.

Under the Auspices of the Good Templars.

What Ida Lewis Didn't Do.

Julia Willard in Union Signal.

Was it really so? or did I dream this about Ida Lewis?

I have recently been down in Newport in little Rhode Island where the late pleasantness occurred, and among things that I looked at with much interest was the "Lime Rock" light-house in the harbor. We all know, of course, that this is the home of the young woman above mentioned and that she did something to make herself famous; but just what did she do, is the question. Perhaps she talked the matter over with herself.

There she was in a world greatly over run with water. Men wanted water to jump into and they would have it. You couldn't keep them dry by law or Gospel. They would use it immoderately, too. They would go out in boats when the bay was frightfully rough; those would venture who could not manage their little crafts, and in various ways they floated into danger, some in spite of warning and some ignorant of their peril. The young woman who lived in safety on the Lime Rock knew this. She was safe. Her family had good sense and wisdom enough not to run any risks. I shall blame her if she took the prudent, judicious course with regard to the foolish, unfortunate men who tried as hard as possible to get themselves drowned?

And so—if I tell the story rightly—she looked about, from her safe home, in a calm, pensive way, and as she looked, said to herself: "This is terrible! How much water there is in this world! It does seem so bad so many folks should be drowned. I presume some one is losing his life in the water every hour. I know a great many perish right around Newport. Things have got so desperate that there is no use doing anything; you can't help it. Why, I declare, I believe there are two men struggling out there in the waves now! Yes, right out there towards the fort, and no one seems to care for them or even to see them. How sorry I am. It will be dreadful for the wives and children if they are drowned, and I think they will be. How desperately they struggle! I could save them if I suppose, I almost know I could. But how it would look! I, a woman, to engage in a work fit only for a man. A woman's sphere is home. Who would rock the cradle while I am out in the boat. True the baby is fifteen years old, but the quence jelly might boil over and things in general might happen. And, moreover, these men are no relation to me; my people, I am thankful to say, never did take much to water. Dear me! I wish I might never hear of such homes as shipwrecks and boats capsized, and watery graves and things. It does seem as though some folks delight in keeping record of the trouble the ocean causes. They print whole papers for the express purpose of getting people to avoid it, and even absolutely try to make them think they are safe from drowning if they don't go near the water."

"And do you know," she said to herself: "I think these fanatical people who go on so about the bright, fascinating sea, which is such a good creature of the Deity and ought to be so regarded, are somehow, most of them, not quite in good form; painfully ultra, you know; well meaning and all that you know; have honest red blood in their arteries, to be sure, but are quite lacking as to the stately deliberate flow of the azure fluid in their veins; and that makes the entire a do concerning the matter truly fatiguing. I can't do everything about it so I think I won't do anything. If I shut my eyes I shall see the peril and the victims; if I close my ears I shall not hear their cries; I must preserve my dignity and be womanly, I think those men are comfortably drowned by this time, and I'll go in before my crimps become damp, or the spray dashes on this new wrap."

Later—I am informed that the above was not Ida Lewis. She so far forgot her home, her womanliness, her relations to that nondescript—woman's sphere, her feminine weakness, her fear of mice, &c., as to spring into her boat and row thro' the dashing waves to save drowning men, time after time, I know not how often.

I apologise to her, here and now, for having even coupled her name vaguely with the fantastic, dudsque (?) who shall be nameless here forevermore, unless we style her a poor, little nobody or a fashionable belle.

Prohibition in Kansas.

It is about time that this lying about drinking in Kansas should come to an end. There is less drinking in Kansas and the people are more temperate than in any other State in the Union. A temperance millennium has not been established, 'tis true, but on the other

hand, nine-tenths of the drinking and drunkenness of former years has been abolished. Further, the temperance sentiment is steadily growing in this State, growing so steadily and firmly that the next Democratic State Convention will not dare to adopt a resolution against prohibition. Tens of thousands of men now go to bed sober every night who four or five years ago, soaked with liquor. Thousands of women and children, hungry and in rags five years ago, are now comfortably clad and sit every day at tables provided with all the necessities of life. The open saloon in Kansas has gone and gone to stay.—Atchison (Kansas) Champion.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Owen & Moore.

It is said that Mr. Powderly's plan for the future government of the Knights of Labor is the establishment of a State assembly. There will then be four assemblies. Local assemblies will be subordinate to districts, districts to State and State to national.

Proper Treatment for Coughs.

That the reader may fully understand what constitutes a good Cough and Lung Syrup, we will say that Ter and Wild Cherry is the basis of the best remedies yet discovered. These ingredients with several others equally as efficacious, enter largely into Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, thus making it one of the most reliable now on the market. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. Samples free. Sold by Owen & Moore.

Of the ten Chicago Anarchists indicted for murder, eight are in jail, and each man will have to answer for six murders.

A farmer of Ithaca, N. Y., had to defer the completion of some important legal papers the other day because after trying for twenty minutes in his lawyer's office to recollect the full name of his wife, he failed to do so.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. Oct 3-ly

Milan Exchange: It's funny to see our southern congressmen voting hundreds of millions of dollars to every bomb-proof loafer who claimed to be in the federal army during the late war, being too timid to say no. Yet the same men will not vote a small sum to help educate southern children.

Hickman, Ky., Courier: The north has gotten \$700,000,000 in pensions. Keep it constantly before the people that the Blair bill gives the south \$61,000,000 of the \$77,000,000 set apart by the bill for education. If the north gets this much every year for pensions can't we afford to accept this for schools?

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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ESTRAY.

Taken up and posted, May 3, 1886, by J. E. Riggins, residing on the north side of Cumberland river, about six miles below Clarksville, in Dist. No. 8, a light roan horse about 12 years old; black legs, dropped rump, spot on left shoulder caused by collar, small knot on left knee, shod all round, side pecker and fox trots well. Valued at \$100.  
R. D. READ, Ranger.

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